

Good Morning 375

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's Stage, Screen, Studio

PERHAPS the most glamorous girl ever to leave the Windmill Theatre is Edna Wood.

Let me introduce her. For three consecutive years Miss Edna Wood, ex-Windmill Theatre soubrette, was voted "Miss England" at the all-England beauty championships.

Born in Kent, on a farm, she came to London at an early age, and attended a Central London school, where she excelled in classical studies and passed matric. and General Schools certificates.

At fourteen she had pneumonia, and it was during her recuperation that she started to dance. A friend suggested she should call at the Windmill Theatre and ask for an audition. She did this, but was too ill to dance; but Van Damm gave her a chance, and immediately after her recovery she started in the chorus. She stayed at the theatre several years, and then branched out into pantomime. She made good, but didn't like it, so tried a straight part, and again she succeeded.

Now in the top bough of the tree, Edna has a very agreeable contract at the Ambassadors Theatre, and is playing a leading part in the revue lift, "Sweeter and Lower."

There is one great fear in Edna's life, and that is an audience. "They scare me to death," she says, "but I don't mind cameras, and will probably change over to films one day."

EVERYONE loves a circus, and the popularity of the Royal Majestic Circus does more than prove that.

Harry Benet put on the show for one week at the London Stoll, and is now packing the planks in the provinces.

This is a good circus—grand as it's name, in fact. It has in abundance performing dogs, ponies, monkeys, a sea lion, and hosts of clowns. The laughter started in earnest when Cilla's football dogs appeared. How these canines seemed to enjoy themselves. Anna Varina, described as Russia's most beautiful equestrienne, did well, and Romeo and Juliet, two monkeys, put over a good act.

A revue by Hubert Cooke and his ponies, in which they play their own orchestra, was a fitting finale to the first half.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



Lovely Edna Wood

The Kembles' comedy cycle act started the fun again in the second half, after some spirited dancing from the Floradora Girls. The very funny business contributed by Mae, Mac and Marty, particularly with the goose, was followed by the Ben Wazzan Abyssinian Whirlwinds, a speciality from the East, clever and exciting.

The Flying Cromwells presented a trapeze act second to none, and Daymar and Ann had a nice front cloth turn, while the stage was set for that breathless performance by the Australian Air Aces, a thrilling finale.

A COMEDY with music, Columbia's "Swing Out the Blues," is a dizzy piece that is adequately described by the title.

The Four Vagabonds bring their problem to the Benevolent Bench radio programme. They unfold their sad story in a funny fashion—it isn't a true story, but it gets them what they want—a sponsor.

The water is turned off, the gas is turned off, and the telephone is about to be turned off when the Four V's and their leader—crooner. Bob Haymes, get a one-night stand at the ritzy coming-out party of Lynn Merrick.

Lynn heiress to millions, who has just turned down her Aunt Amanda's choice of husband, marries the crooner just to show her independence.

When the disillusioned crooner gets the dope from auntie, he leaves the mansion in a huff and goes back to the boys, and poverty, in New York. The heiress follows on, moves in, and is peeling potatoes and talking basic American in no time.

Everything is going fine till the blonde ten-per-center (Janis Carter), who is supposed to get contracts for the quintet, finds out about the marriage.

After she has broken it up and the crooner has left his heiress, and the Four V's have appeared as Hula-Hula girls, Santas, Hungarian gipsies and Siamese musicians, and the heiress has become a mother, and auntie has become reconciled, and a wrecker seated on an iron girder has crashed through the apartment several times, the picture comes to an

end. The crooner, now in the R.A.F., returns and meets crooner-junior.

This is the story the boys told the judge. He calls it fantastic. But they get their sponsor.

TWO more cards go from the B.B.C. clocking-on rack this week—producer Reita Hendry and band leader Billy Ternent have quit.

Edinburgh-born Reita Hendry joined the B.B.C. in 1941 as a secretary, after working with Leslie Howard on the production side of films.

After the resignation of Howard Thomas she took over the production of "Shipmates Ashore."

Ternent resigns owing to ill-health. He is at present away suffering from internal trouble.

VARIETY Band Box, which has been broadcast to the British Forces Overseas since December, 1942 and now heard in the General Forces Programme, is a genuine Command Performance and British. It is presented before an audience of 2,000 Forces at the Queensberry All-Services Club, and, unlike many radio shows, is put on in full stage lighting with the accent on glamour.

Serving men who write are often named by the artists taking part.

A letter will get you any programme!

HERMAN LOHR, the fourth composer of old-time melodies to die this year, will be remembered mostly for his composition of "My Little Grey Home in the West."

The song was published in London and Berlin in 1912, and was sung in opposing trenches when war started.

In his forty working years Lohr turned out over two hundred songs and ballads.

Disclaiming the need of humoring inspiration to be pure fallacy, he worked, civil-servant-like, from nine until four every day.

Meet our "Alice"—was World's only "Sea-Rider"

By H. Robt. Holmes

HITLER had his radio-controlled tanks and bombs, the U.S. Marines brought with them Jeeps that could be driven across the sea, and now we shoot down enemy aircraft with rockets—which would have been thought a crazy idea even five years ago.

But with all the fantastic inventions of war, ships still look pretty much like ships; even submarines don't change much, externally. Warships laid down recently are faster, heavily armed and more powerful, but to a landlubber, anyway, they still LOOK pretty much like warships have always looked.

THE strange thing is that some of the crazy pre-war notions have not been revived. The Institute of Patentees is always expecting that some budding war inventor will come along with a 1944 version of "Alice," which must surely be the most outrageous ship ever built. She didn't ride in the water, nor even skim the surface as does a modern H.S.L.

"Alice" actually rode on a Dutch transport engineer in New York, Robert Tryngers, built a ferry-boat across Harlem River, and made enough profit out of the deal (he had a part-share in the ferry) to experiment in strange ships. He wanted to build something which would ride the streets—probably driven by steam—which could be driven straight into the water and then ferried across, much as a Jeep can do to-day.

But he missed the point, and while experimenting with wheeled floating vehicles, hit on the notion that a boat with floats as wheels would be unsinkable.

He built a contraption resembling a steam-roller. The light steam engine drove four buoy-like scoop-wheels which literally rode on the surface of the water, and supported the platform, covered by an awning, on which sat some 20 passengers—no doubt in fear for their lives!

The first model was not a success, as the buoyant wheels sprang a leak and the first "Alice" began to capsize. His next model, when the vital parts had been salvaged from Harlem River, was built with only THREE buoy-scoop wheels, on the strange principle that if four wheels gave four possibilities of leakage and danger, then the danger would be lessened if there were only three floats! On the second occasion he made the wheels much larger—about 15 feet

in diameter, and of stout-gauge sheet iron. The tops, above water, had canvas covers, and the whole ship was painted battleship grey, with a red funnel.

She was launched just 62 years ago, and for some three weeks was a gay sight on the river with her bunting, awning and red funnel. Everybody talked about Trynger's Buoyant Propeller Ship, though, of course, there was no "propeller," but only the wheels as giant paddles—but suspicion killed the idea, and when the wheels began to leak again Trynger couldn't raise enough ready money for repairs, and the Alice was broken up—her steam engine being sold to a dockside firm for salvage.

But the idea wasn't killed. Pictures of the "Alice" were brought to France, and intrigued Ernest Bazin, a clever French engineer. He could see that Trynger's idea was slow and clumsy.

"But there is something in mounting a ship on wheels," he said. "Ships are slow because of the resistance they offer to water. If we could convert sliding friction into rolling friction . . . perhaps we could do it if we had lens-shaped iron wheels, which would be buoyant, yet have enough rolling friction to transmit the drive . . ."

During the next four years the St. Denis shipyards saw some queer experiments. Bazin began working at night because seafaring folk poked fun at his crazy idea.

"She'll never float, let alone cross the Channel," they scoffed, but, as events proved, they were quite wrong. Just one year before the twentieth century began, Bazin launched (if driving a wheeled ship on to the ocean can be described as a launch) the "Ernest Bazin," which, if it did nothing

else, at least created the precedent of being the strangest ship ever to be on the water.

It was an iron platform, carrying a deck, some twelve feet up from the surface, and she rode on conical-shaped wheels nearly ten feet thick at the hub and about 30 feet in diameter! These great iron cones floated, like buoys, and were much easier to render water-tight than Trynger's paddles.

Once Bazin proved that the ship could float, with about three-quarters of the "wheels" above water, his hopes were high. He fitted a large boiler at the stern of the platform, driving four single-cylinder engines, three of them driving the wheels (one cylinder to each of the three pairs of cones)—and the fourth driving a steeply sloped shaft to a little propeller at the stern, just in case the wheels didn't drive the ship!

As a matter of fact, it was this final drive which proved to be an expensive failure for Bazin. The great cones pulled up so much water by surface friction that although the total engine horse-power was 650 the ship would make only about seven knots.

This broke Bazin's heart—and his pocket, too, for he had invested some £3,000 in building the boat. He died within a few months of the "Ernest Bazin's" first trials, so did not live to see what might have been described as her "triumph"—a trip across the Channel to Margate!

So much money was owing to the St. Denis shipyards that they dared not "drive" her back to France. What appeared to be a triumphal journey across to England was in effect an escape from the ship-bailiffs, for dock-dues and bills from the steel-works who had given Bazin long-term credit.

The "Ernest Bazin" was driven on to the beach because British sailors wouldn't trust the floating cylinders, but at last they managed to get a crew who would take her on her last trip along the coast—to Hull, where she was finally broken up for scrap-iron.

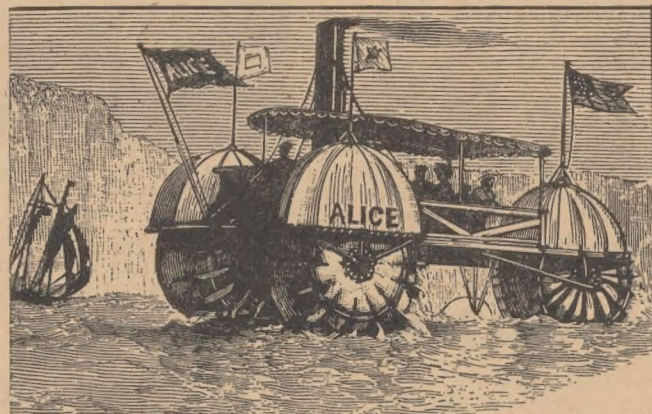
Institution of Naval Architects experts went to Hull in a last attempt to give her a reprieve, but they were scared at the memory of another freak ship, built by Sir Henry Bessemer, inventor of the Bessemer steel process. He was an inventor and an eminent engineer, but a very poor sailor and a worse shipbuilder.

Because he was always horribly seasick when crossing to France, he spent a small fortune on building a ship-within-a-ship—the centre part a gyro-controlled cabin, complete with control deck and engine-room, which was free to float on universal joints, so that if the outer ship rolled or pitched, the centre part would always keep level.

On her first trials the "Bessemer" did barely eight knots instead of the twenty for which she had been designed; and what was worse, she did nearly £3,000 worth of damage to Calais harbour when at the third attempt they managed to dock her.

The experts thought of the "Bessemer," and of the cost of these dangerous freak craft—and then gave orders for the "Bazin" to be broken up for scrap.

But the "Bazin" did cross the Channel, and "Alice" did ride on the water, even though their inventors died broke and broken-hearted. The idea may still be worth a fortune . . . maybe.



Trynger's "Alice"

Think These Over

O pastoral heart of England! like a psalm Of green days telling with a quiet beat.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.

James Branch Cabell (b. 1879).

"I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call 'unexpectedness.'"

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"

T. L. Peacock, "Headlong Hall."

THE MURKY POOL

PART 14

MORROW had disturbing news. "There's something I ought to have found out," he said. "There's a way into the cellar from the yard. Someone has oiled the hinges and taken off the bolt."

"Someone getting into the passage!" exclaimed Martin. He felt furious to think that while he and Anstice had delayed exploring the cellar, Watson and Nickel—he was still sure it was Nickel—had impudently continued their work. Probably these rogues had already found the treasure Anstice's treasure. They had fooled him all along the line. Most readily he agreed to Morrow's suggestion that the two of them should explore the passage to its end that very night.

Madge dropped her brother on the brow of Polruth hill soon after eight. Ten minutes later he slipped stealthily into the darkness of the yard that led to the some-time stables, now the garage, of the "Coswarth Arms."

Morrow's staff-work was magnificent. The way to the passage was already open, and Anstice was standing by. Almost before he knew it he had passed into the passage, and the bin had swung quietly to behind him. Then Morrow whispered:

"We'll get on a bit farther before we talk. Sorry to jump this on you, but one must take one's chances when they offer."

THEY had reached the wall at the end of the passage before Morrow stopped, with a sigh of satisfaction. He turned on a powerful electric lamp. "Is that how you last saw it?" he asked.

"Good Lord, no." Although Martin knew what to expect, the sight amazed him. The wall had been pierced with a hole big enough to admit a man. He took his own torch and flashed it on the inner side. It showed merely a slimy passage, cut into the native rock, much narrower and rougher than that by which they had just come. From the silent darkness came a dank, musty smell.

"This is damnable, Morrow. To think that these fellows—" "I've brought a rope," said Morrow. He pointed to a coil of stout cord flung on the floor. "These old mine workings have a nasty way of being full of holes and water."

Martin nodded. He remembered the water that had gushed so suddenly into the Fern Cave.

Martin put his shoulder against the broken wall, and shoved. A few bits of rough stone came away and fell with a dull, reverberating sound.

WANGLING WORDS—321

1. Put an animal in WHS and get some molluscs.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Mita si fo rosa-cinpanitior heft het.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change NEXT into LAST and then back again into NEXT, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden craftsman in: That cherry is ripe—eat it at once.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 320

1. DETermineD.
2. I'm putting all my eggs in one basket.
3. PALS, pale, male, MATE, mats, pats, PALS.
4. Lever-et.

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

"We'd better go on," he said. "I'll lead for a bit, shall I?"

It was not easy going, for both men had to stoop. The passage narrowed, and jagged projections of rock from the top and sides made it sometimes necessary almost to squeeze past. The floor was fairly even, though dangerously slippery with years of slime, but the air seemed good enough for all its musty, dank smell.

After a few yards, the passage took a downward course. It grew steeper, so that they had to proceed with the utmost care, and presently Martin's light was reflected back from something which caused him to stop dead. A low wall, not more than three feet high, barred the path; and beyond it stretched a vast, mysterious space.

"Water!" he said. Morrow came up to him and peered over his shoulder. An oily surface of ink-black water showed just beyond the wall at Martin's feet. It looked like some noxious pool from which weird prehistoric beasts might at any moment lift slimy heads.

"Doesn't look very attractive," Morrow commented with a laugh. His voice boomed queerly, and presently an uncanny echo came back: "very attractive."

Martin started. "That's queer," he said, and instinctively his voice had dropped, as though to cheat that unnerving echo. "This must be some vast underground chamber to give back an echo like that."

"... echo like that," came from the darkness. They flashed their lamps ahead, but the farther wall was not discernable. It was black as the pit, and silent, but for a steady sound of running water. Martin bent down and dabbled his hand in the oily liquid. It was ice cold.

"I wonder how deep it is?" he queried.

Morrow uncoiled the rope and tied a loose stone to the end.

"We'll sound," he said.

He hurled out the line, and a metallic, reverberating splash echoed back as the stone hit the water. The line ran out, then stopped.

"About ten feet—there," Morrow said when he pulled it in.

"Well, that means check, or swimming it," said Martin grimly. His words returned to him from

the blackness like the croaking of some fiend. "I'll chance it."

Martin settled the discussion by shedding the last of his garments and crawling gingerly over the low wall. The rope was fixed securely beneath his arms, and in one hand he took an electric torch.

Martin slipped into the bitter cold water. For a moment the intense cold almost stopped his breath. It was paralysing. He swam on his back, with the torch shining up towards the roof. It showed a great cavernous void. Presently his feet touched a slimy rough bottom, and he found he had reached a precipitous wall.

He stood shivering, and flashed the lamp about. To the left, just above his head, was a cavity from which water was pouring. Some yards on the other side the light showed a passage running straight from the water's edge, hidden from Morrow by a projecting shoulder of rock.

Martin made for it. The bottom shelved up to its floor and he called out:

"All right. I'm over. It's only about forty yards—to your right."

Morrow splashed into the water. Martin watched his light coming nearer and nearer, and shortly the two men, naked and dripping, their teeth chattering from the cold, found themselves crouching in a low passage that fell away abruptly into the rock.

"We can't stick this long," Morrow gasped. "We'll be too cold to get back."

He went on down the passage for a yard or two. Suddenly Morrow's light went out, and Martin heard a hoarse whisper come back to him:

"Put out your lamp and come here quickly."

Barking and bruising his bare flesh against the rock, he crawled forward. Morrow had reached a turn in the passage. Beyond, a light showed faintly through an irregular opening, and there came the faint sound of voices.

"There are two of them at least," Morrow whispered.

Martin's heart was beating hard. He was unconscious of the cold or of his bruises. "Let me by. I'll go and see," he murmured, and crawled on.

The distant light flickered and grew dim. A dull murmur of talk faded; then all was dark. He had certainly recognised one of the voices, though he could not be certain of the words, distorted as the sound was by the narrow passage. But it had sounded like "... to-morrow night," and it was spoken in the low, monotonous growl of John Nickel.

There was no longer any sound of voices ahead, nor any sign of light. He risked one swift flash of his torch. It showed him a jagged hole fringed in ferns. He knew then that what he had suspected was correct; this was the channel that led into the roof of the Fern Cave; and Nickel was working there.

Then it came back to Martin—the time he had knocked himself unconscious by his fall into the cave.

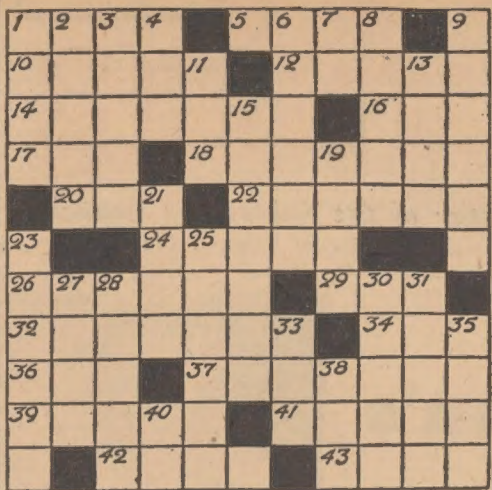
Under slight concussion, then; he remembered what he had thought; and the footprints.

Like a scene in a film, it came back. Like this:

He had thought: Part of the cave's story was clear enough now; it had been used by smugglers in the old days—and an ideal place for their trade it must have proved. The entrance which chance had discovered to him was obviously a look-out. Obsessed by his desire to know more, he forgot the risk he was taking, and began to make his way downward.

It was nervy business, and he moved with the utmost care, feeling for each moss-grown step, and holding tight to the rusty spikes, still firm despite their age. This part was possible, but what of the drop at the bottom? He wedged himself firmly and lit another piece of paper, dropping it,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Box.
5. Stable.
10. Of the ear.
12. Birds.
14. Bright.
16. Through.
17. Tree.
18. Waterside workers.
20. Perched.
22. Shaft.
24. Open-mouthed.
26. Let go.
29. Soft lump.
32. Persons.
34. Pile.
36. Employ.
37. Much regret.
39. Let.
41. Warble.
42. Fashion.
43. Nuisance.

SCREW AWARD
HOD IRENE
SAPID CAGED
PRECIS VOLE
EG TAMPER D
NEW NIL AIL
C ABATED NO
ECRU HARDLY
RUDDY TIRES
BEGOT VAT
MANET NEWSY

CLUES DOWN.

1. Wise.
2. Lugs.
3. Scent.
4. Inexperienced.
6. Small receptacle.
7. Pronoun.
8. Number.
9. Scanty.
11. Cover.
13. Parent.
15. Striking.
19. Recognised.
21. Tight.
23. Din.
25. Classified.
27. Proboscis.
28. Oily food.
30. Positive pole.
31. Ventures.
33. Discern by scrutiny.
35. Skin.
38. Hang limply.
40. Thus.

flaming, between his legs. It flared itself out not ten feet beneath him, on dry sand.

He decided to risk it. It would be easier getting back, for he would have the light above him. He scrambled down a few more feet, slipped at the last foothold on some loose object that had found a resting-place there, then dropped easily to the floor.

Quite a good light came into the cave, he noticed, as he picked himself up. His eyes fell upon the object on which he had just slipped. It was a thick carriage candle, broken in two, with the mark of his boot upon it. He picked it up. The thing had not been there long.

Martin gave a low whistle of amazement. This was an unexpected development. Thoughtfully his eyes went to the sandy floor, and he had a further surprise. Somebody had been in the cave recently. The print of heavy boots scarred the firm sand in every direction.

Just for an instant it flashed into his mind that these were his own footmarks, made when he and Anstice had been in the cave some days before. But that comforting theory vanished on closer inspection. These boots were bigger than his and, besides, the tide would have erased all signs of that visit within a few hours.

He lit the candle with difficulty, for the wick was damp, and stooped down to examine the imprints. There was something curious about them, and it took him some moments to appreciate the queer, rigid impression they had left. Then it came to him. Of course: that was the mark of crepe rubber soles. And practically new ones, too. Martin had never bought a pair of crepe-soled shoes in his life.

Across, on the farther side of the cave, it was much darker, but a higher ridge of sand, piled up against the wall, ran some yards nearer to the mouth. The foot-

marks showed there quite plainly, going towards the exit. That seemed to prove conclusively that whoever had been here had departed that way.

Martin began to whistle softly to himself: a sure sign that he was worried. This was a devil of a nuisance. If he were going to do any digging undisturbed, it would have to be done at once.

Very carefully he began the tricky ascent. The cave had become suddenly ominous. It was a relief to meet the keen, clear rain that swept into his face as he pulled himself to the surface.

Martin's mind flickered back to the present, that nerve-jangling cold of the pool he had swum must have re-opened the closed parts of his mind. But what did this scene mean?

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A quern is a Scottish peasant, Tudor hat, sweetmeat, narrow lane, mill, Spanish beggar?
2. Who wrote (a) Red Dog, (b) An Heiress of Red Dog?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Yorkshire, Devonshire, Cumberland, Lancaster, Essex, Suffolk, Sussex.
4. Who was the founder of the Mormons?
5. For what game was Walter Lindrum famous?
6. What nationality is Sonja Henie, and for what is she famous?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Orchestra, Overmantle, Opposum, Olympian, Oblation, Orison.
8. What are the dimensions of a badminton court?
9. In what game is a hob used?
10. Who was Cinquevalli?
11. What is the name of Denmark's parliament?
12. What is the most southerly State in U.S.A.?

Answers to Quiz in No. 374

1. Bird.
2. (a) Mrs. Browning, (b) Miss Braddon.
3. Thornapple is poisonous; others are not.
4. Mackenel.
5. Running.
6. President Roosevelt.
7. Epidemic, Elliptic.
8. (a) Athens, (b) Rome.
9. Minimum weight, 6oz. each.
10. Virginia.
11. His very loud voice.
12. Redstart, Whitethroat, Greenshank.



Sleuths of Scotland Yard held their breath in agonised suspense when these baby girls came into the world. Why? Because they are uniovular triplets—three babies made by the splitting of a single cell. That means they should all be identical, even to their finger-prints. If they were, police identification systems throughout the world would have to be revised. But while Jennifer's and Janet's finger-prints were very similar, they were not the same, and Jean's were quite different. Scotland Yard breathed again.



"YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME, MISTER, WE'RE NEARER STARVATION THAN WHAT GERMANY IS...."

"I KNOW THAT VOICE—I MUST PEEP THROUGH THE HATCH!"



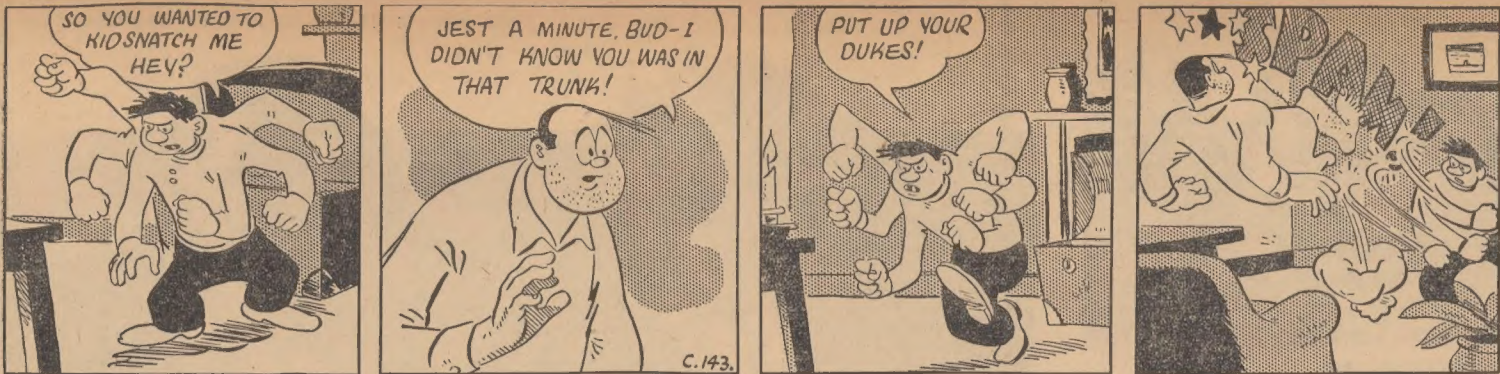
"WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT, MY FRIEND?"

"ONLY TERDAY I EARD—UP AT THE AIRFIELD WHERE I WORK—THAT THE BOYS 'AVE TO SHARE THEIR GRUB WITH THE NAAFIS 'COS O' THE FOOD SHORTAGE IN THE CANTEENS!"



"I THOUGHT SO!—ALF HIGGUMS—RELAYING MY OWN PRE-FABRICATED STORY, MORE OR LESS!—TO PA PLUMLEY AND A FISHY LOOKING STRANGER!—SO HE IS THE SOURCE OF THIS CARELESS TALK..."

BEELEZEBUB JONES



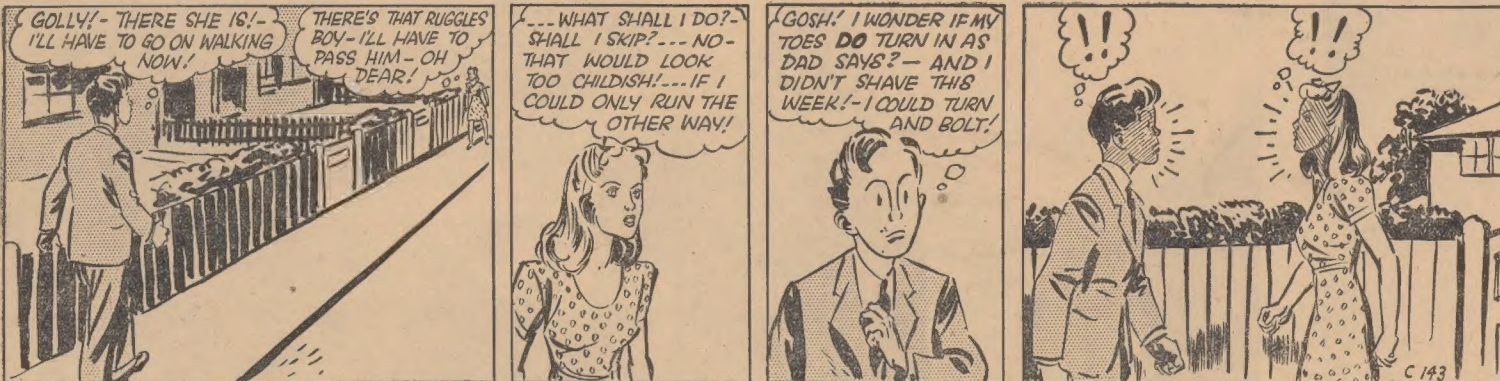
BELINDA



POPEYE



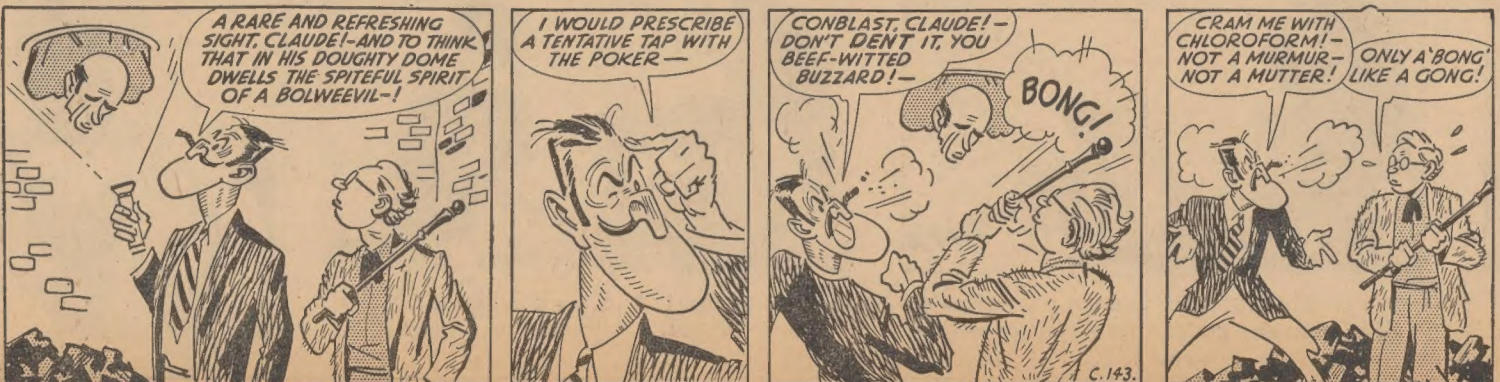
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

THE BRITISH WAY.

IT is difficult to appreciate fully the advantages of the British way of life until one views it from the outside world and against a background of other nations. It is no mean performance to have preserved intact the right of free speech without endangering national security. The fact that Parliament has continued to control the destinies of Great Britain without abrogating any of its peace-time authority has made a great impression abroad, though we at home accept the position as naturally as the air we breathe. . . . It is indeed a democratic achievement that we have maintained a voluntary Press censorship in this country. When the records of the war years come to be written, no fact will illustrate with greater clarity what is meant by a free Press.

Irene Ward, M.P.

DOCTORS, TO-DAY.

THE pre-war world was no medical paradise, but it had its compensations. War has seen their number diminish. Each new State control of civil life has entailed exceptions and exemptions which must be vouched for by someone; and who more fitted to sign the certificate than the doctor? So a never-ending stream of new patients fills his surgery, not because they are sick and need the physician, but because they want extra milk or eggs, or outside corsets, or exemption from fire-watching or Home Guard. He sees himself degenerating from a skilled clinician into a filler-up of forms. And since most of these form-needs are workers, the forms must be filled in without charge, as part of the panel contract.

Gordon Malet.

POLITICS.

SUCCESSFUL political life is based on the assumption that no one feels too strongly about anything and that the means is more important than the end. It is because we English are an easy-going, comfort-loving race, with few dogmatic beliefs and a long history of working together and making compromises with one another, that our political regime is so successful.

Gerald Brenan.

PROFESSION OF ARMS.

THE profession of arms calls for the highest of human qualities. In no other profession is a greater knowledge of history, geography, politics, psychology, morale, and the powers of leadership wanted. There are hardly any really great Generals to whom the other arts do not come with some ease. Many have lived in history more from the political and legal changes which they started than from the victorious campaigns which were the other signs of their genius. We must make it a part of our national policy to give to soldiers a greater position in the State than they have occupied.

Oliver Lyttelton (Minister of Production).

FIRST OF ALL, WORK.

THE future of Great Britain depends mainly on its industry, on the steady, well-paid, post-war employment of millions, partly soldiers back from the front, partly civilians whose war work will cease almost the moment the last shot is fired. You will remember that the Prime Minister's three essentials were work, homes and food. I would place work first. Without satisfactory work there can be few homes and little food.

Sir Montague Barlow.

UNIVERSITIES.

UNIVERSITIES at their best and the best elements in them are not the most robust or aggressive of institutions. In any metropolis there is so much that overshadows them that they might easily thrive elsewhere. The Universities deserve to lead a more cloistered and sequestered life than modern conditions permit to any but a few. Their best wisdom may be to draw apart from the multitude and the market-place and to cultivate their souls in peace.

John Murray (Principal, University College, Exeter).

THE PAGAN GREAT.

IT is terrible to think that tens of scores of men who count as great politicians, statesmen and writers are almost as ignorant of spiritual things as was the pagan world.

Lord Elton.

OUR GENERALS.

IT is a perverse fact that, though in the past we have seldom lacked able generals, when war is with us our thoughts turn to foreign leadership. Thus, to-day, how often do we hear quoted the names of Napoleon, Clausewitz, Moltke, Foch, and others, and how seldom those of Cromwell, Marlborough and Wellington; men who perforce having to fit their genius to our peculiar English temper can surely teach us more.

Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller.

Good Morning

Soulful, skilful,
Gainsborough
Star, Jean Kent
thinks long, long
thoughts.



"Kiaora!
Good — Oh!"
The Koala
finds the morn-
ing sun shining
even in
London.

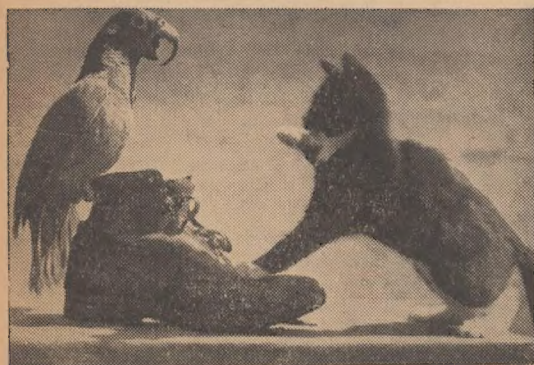


"And the father bear said, 'Who's been sitting on my chair?' And Baby Bear said, 'Who's eaten up all my porridge?' . . ." "I'm afraid your edition is faulty, my dear. Shouldn't there be some mention of Mother Bear?"



This England

In a fertile upland valley of Cumberland lies the beauty of Watendlath, a cluster of stone cottages and barns beside a lakeland tarn. Here, indeed, is England.



"Hey, there, Polly. Don't you know it's supposed to be Puss in Boots — not you!"



"Talking to me, you pup? You'd better make tracks while the going's good!"



"Gertcha! You're too darn big for your boots. Scram, you kitten!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, it's not my quarrel, anyway."

